Fr. Herald. Philip by the grace of God King of France, demandeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Brittaine*, if you will ſurrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vſe of the ſaid *Arthur*.

Citizens. Heralds goe tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers, require a parley of their Maieſties.

Heralds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blanch*, *Baſtard*, *Lymoges*, *Lewis*, *Caſtilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Conſtance*, and *Arthur* Duke of Brittaine.

Iohn. Herald what anſwer doe the Towneſmen ſend?
Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* King of France?
Eng. Her. The Towneſmen on the walls accept your
Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maieſty. (Grace?
Iohn. You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes
Beheld the ſlaughter that our Engliſh bowes
Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull French?
And haue you wiſely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the Engliſh King?
Phil Their loſſe in yeelding to the Engliſh King.
But *Iohn* they ſaw from out their higheſt Towers
The Cheualiers of France and croſſe-bow ſhot
Make lanes of ſlaughtered bodies through thine hoaſt,
And are reſolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.
Iohn. Why *Philip* though thou bran'ſt it fore the walles,
Thy conſcience knowes that *Iohn* hath won the field.
Phil. What ere my conſcience knowes, thy Army feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.
Baſtard. Philip indeed hath got the Lyons caſe,
Which heere hee holds to *Limoges* diſgrace.
Baſe Duke to flye and leaue ſuch ſpoyles behind:
But this thou knewſt of force to make me ſtay.
It far'd with thee as with the Mariner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whoſe monſtrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,
That

That throwes out emptie veſſels, ſo to ſtay
His fury, while the ſhip doth ſaile away.
Philip t'is thine: and for this princely preſence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the firſt aduenture I atchieu'd,
And firſt exploite your Grace did me enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.
Blanch. Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the ſame as earſt thy father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'encourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.
Arth. Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute?
Arthur or *Iohn*, ſay which ſhall be your King?
Citz. We care not which, if once we knew th
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.
Baſt. Might *Philip* counſell two ſo mighty K
As are the Kings of England, and of France,
He would aduiſe your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces 'gainſt theſe Citizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The Towne once wonne, then ſtriue about the
For they are minded to delude you both.
Citi. Kings, Princes, Lords, and Knights aſſ
The Citizens of Angiers all by me
Entreate your Maieſtie to heare them ſpeake:
And as you like the motion they ſhall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.
Iob. Philip ſpeake on, we giue thee leaue.
Citz. Then thus: whereas the young and lu
Incites you on to knit your Kingly ſtrengths:
The motion cannot chuſe but pleaſe the good,
And ſuch as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how ſhould your ſtrengths
Not to oppreſſe your ſubiects and your friends
And fil the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces ſhould be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie;